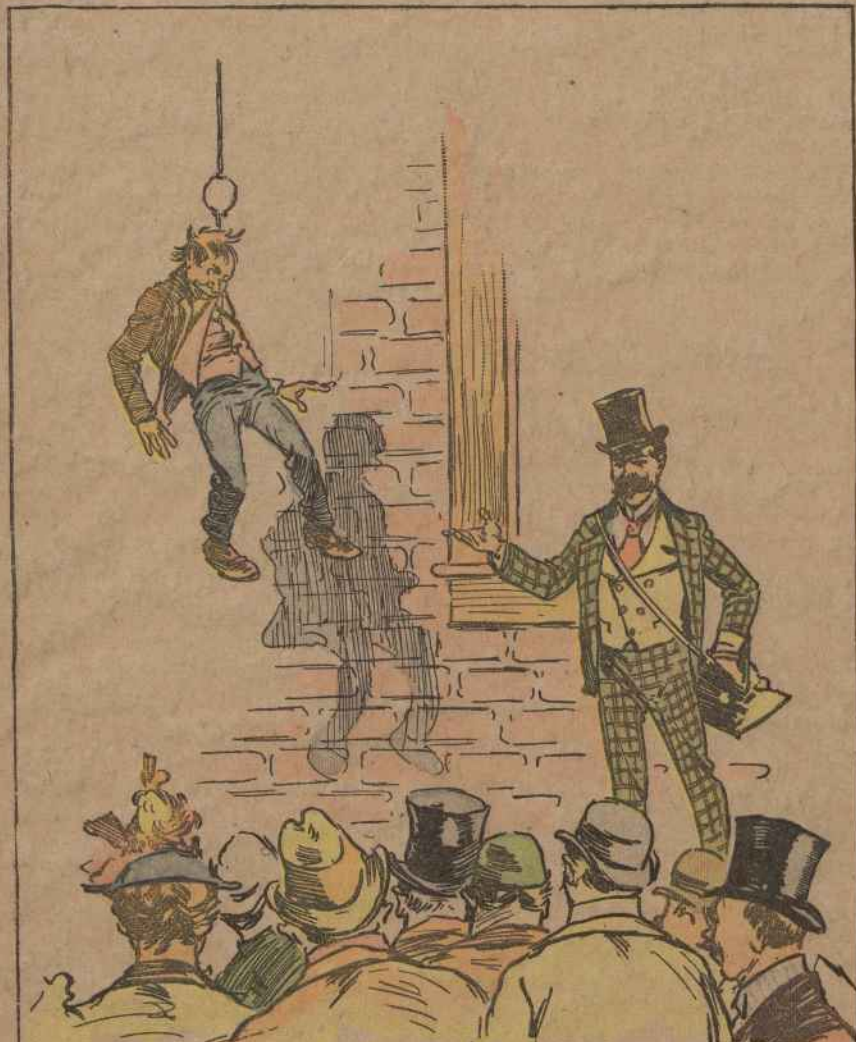
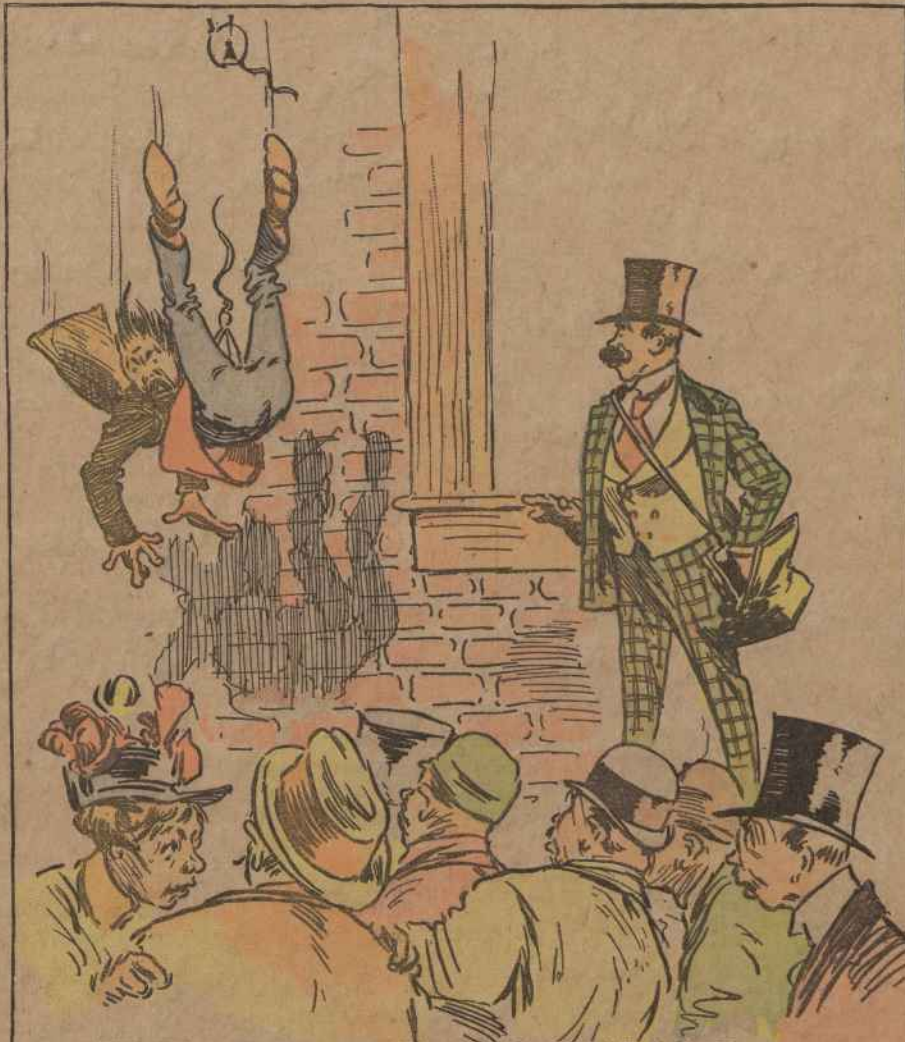


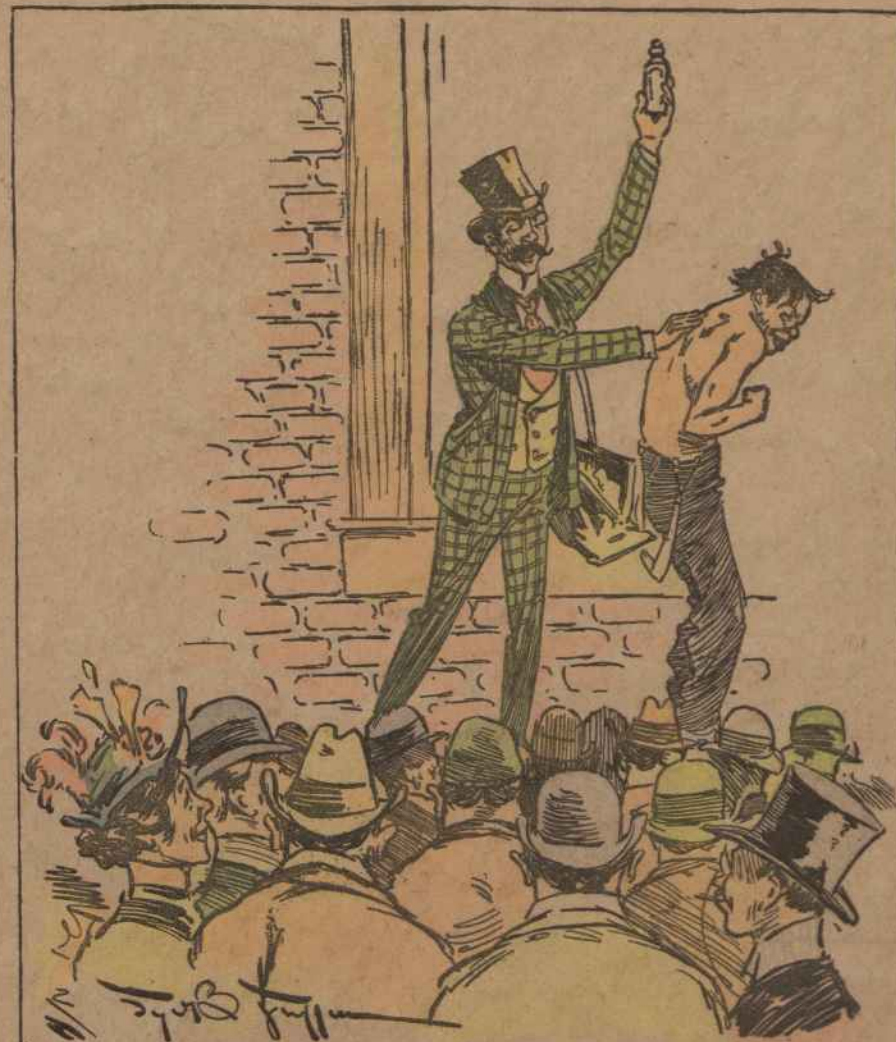
# Ready for Emergencies: A Lesson to Fakers.



Fakir "Step right up, ladies and gents, and buy one of these double back action safety fire escapes. There are only a few left, and no man's life is safe without."



But just then the rope parted and the assistant had three ribs broken.



(One minute later.) "Step right up, ladies and gents, and buy a bottle of this Neplusltra Liniment. You have seen for yourselves what it can do. This young man fell off a fire escape one minute ago, fractured three ribs and knocked his heart fourteen inches out of place. He has just informed me that one application has completely cured him."

## Still Behind.

REFORM LOBBYIST—I am trying to interest the members in the movement against card playing, and would like to have your assistance. You are in the House, are you not?

CONGRESSMAN—Yes, sir, I am, but you'll have to wait till I get even. I'm in the House, but the Senate is ahead of me over \$200 just at present.

## The Chief Charm.

FIRST DUKE—Do you think your marriage with that heiress will have a pleasant outcome?

SECOND DUKE—Not exactly; but the thing that attracts me is the income.

## Aimed at the Farmer.

FARMER OATBIN—Them vegetables will have to be sorted extra kerful, coz they're gettin' mighty pertickler down to the city.

MRS. OATBIN—What now, Hezekiah?

FARMER OATBIN—I've jist bin readin' how some poor feller's bin arrested fer sellin' green goods. It do beat all how they keep legislatin agin the farmer.

## Hope He Put the Right Year.

WAITRESS—Is your order taken?

WOULD-BE DINER—Yes, sir; the other girl took it some little time ago; but—er—I forget whether I told her it was for this week or next.

## Relief in Battle.

He longed to go and fight for Greece,  
Or join the valliant Cuban army—  
Because he felt the need of peace  
And of an atmosphere more balmy.

For there are times when war and strife  
A man's tumultuous thoughts relieve—  
One is when his red-headed wife  
Has plucked a black hair from his sleeve.

## A Plausible Conclusion.

BROWNE—Yes, sir; on next Thursday I will own my own home.

TOWNE—Bridget's day out, eh?

## A Temporary Inconvenience.

IRATE CITIZEN—What in thunder did you nail that smallpox placard up on my house for? It's only measles the kids have.

HEALTH OFFICER—Well, you see, it was the only one I happened to have left. I'll come around in a week or two when we get some more printed and fix it.

## A Genius.

DE GARRY—Well, what do you think of amateur gardening?

DIGBY—I think there should be a prize awarded to the person who could grow flowers like the picture on the package of seeds.

## But Didn't Get It.

"Phonographs are real cheap now," said Bixby. "I bought this one for a song."

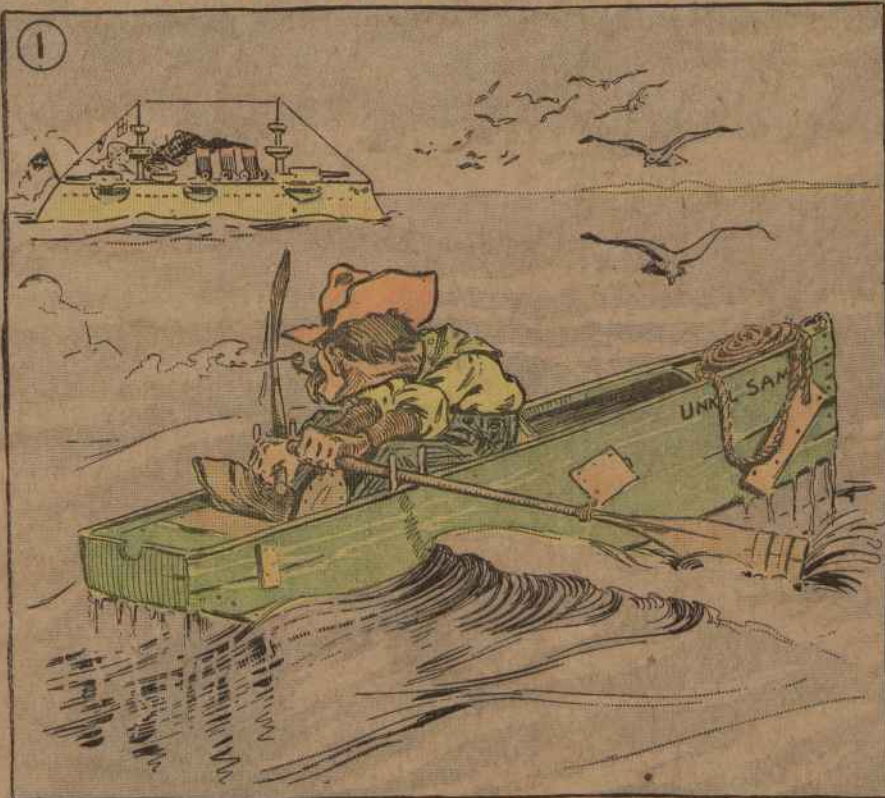
And just then the machine started up a ballad, and the visitors couldn't tell whether it was giving them an imitation of Stuart Robson's voice in green persimmon time or the Cherry sisters advertising a new diphtheria gargle.

## One Solution.

CORA—Why do you think women like to wear their hats at the theatre?

MERRITT—So that when the villain goes to stab the heroine no one can see their hair stand on end.

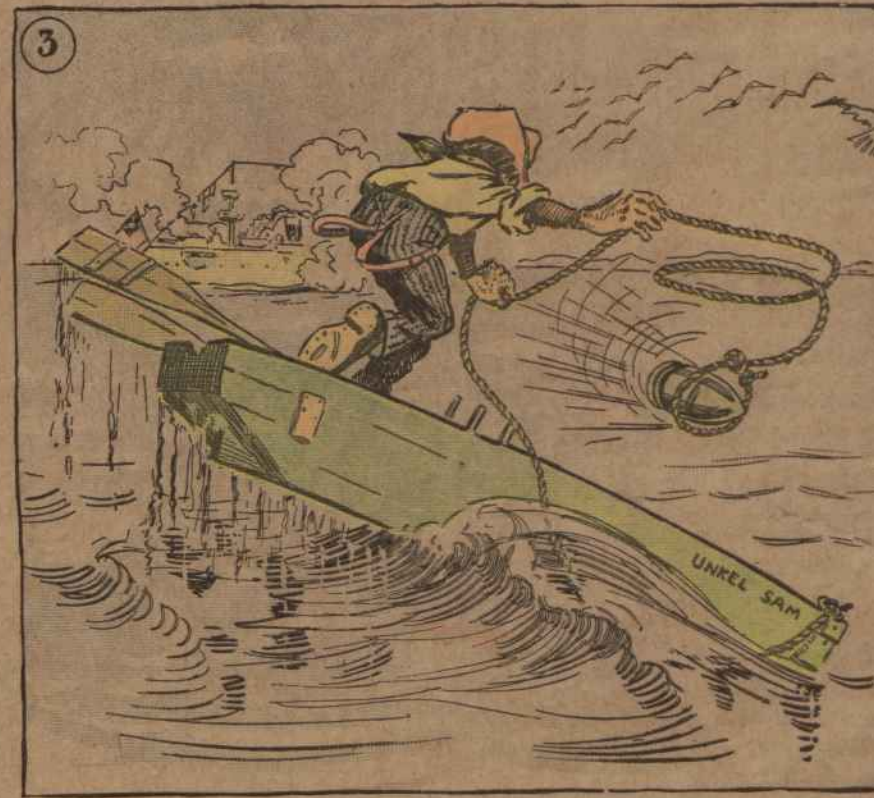
# HOW LASSOO LORENZO SUNK THE BATTLE SHIP, TOLD BY HIMSELF.



1. "Yaas, there she wuz, steamin' down on me an' telling me ter stop."



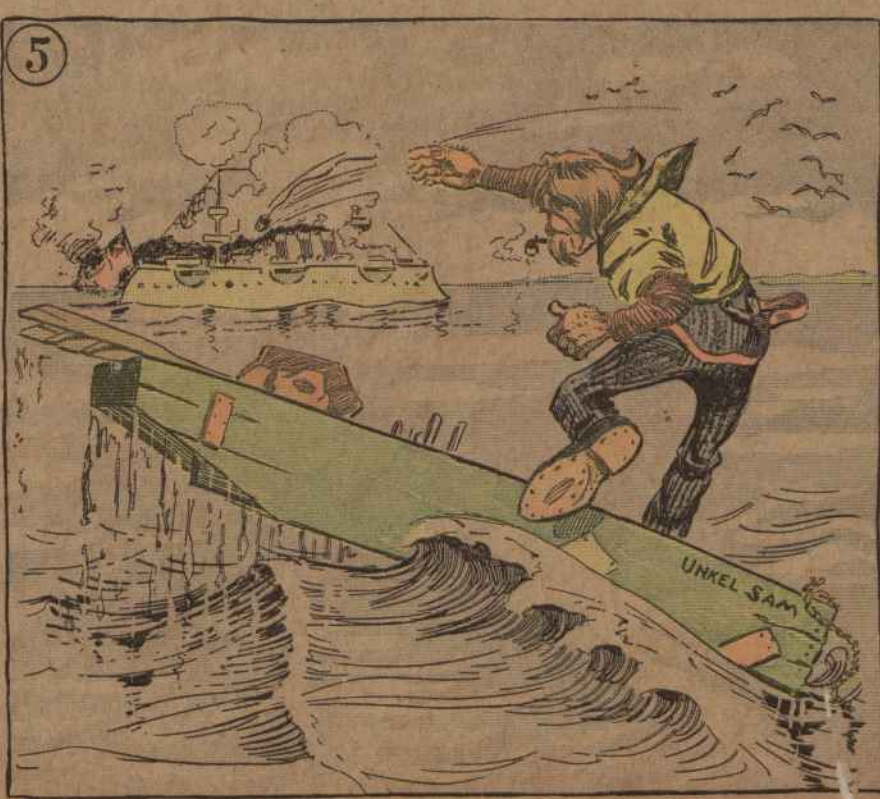
2. "But, sez I, never, fer no foreigner. An' then"—



3. —"she fired a tremenjous shot at me. I see it comin', an'"—



4. —"out with my lassoo an' caught it as it kem r' whizzin'."



5. "Whirlin' it roun' my head, I sent it skootin' back, an'"—



6. —"strikin' the gol-durned ship, she sunk like a stone! Yaas, sir!"